

to their salutation with a dignified bow. Roy stood staring after her as though some new amazing element had come into his life, stunning him.

"Hello!" rallied one of the crowd; "dead stuck, eh?"

"She is the most lovely creature I have ever seen," voiced Roy simply.

"All the men are dying to win her," was the statement. "I can see your finish—moonstruck. . All right, go after her. I'll bet she'll turn you down the minute you get gushy, just as she has some of the richest fellows in the college."

"I never bet where ladies are concerned," observed Roy, and that remark, respectful and dignified, was repeated to Miss Olive Mershon, later on.

She was the daughter of a rich magnate, the belle of the district and courted by suitors innumerable. It never occurred to Roy that he would dare to do more than adore her at a distance. He did not know that from beneath those long eleyashes of Miss Mershon as she passed the group that day, a pair of bright orbs had taken in the foppish presentation of the others and noted the contrast with the simple, sensible attire and frank open face of the new student.

Then came the trump trick of the crowd. It appeared that at either extremity of the town there was a foreign community of workmen. They hailed from the same nation in northern Europe, but were as much divided in a clannish way as if enemies for all time.

"Say! I've got the great idea," announced the leader of the mischief-makers to his cronies one day. "We'll pretend to teach Roy a new college yell. We'll get him down among the North squatters and get him to make the 'Maledetti Tedeschi!' cry of the South enders. Say! then see how fast he can run."

The plan was well conceived and carried out. They got Roy into the very center of the North district, feigned a mission around the block

and told him to hail them with the new college yell when he got tired of waiting for them.

Never for many a long day after that did Roy Vastine forget the startling spectacle that ensued, when he uttered the derisive cry which was a scoff, a challenge, an insult to the community whose precincts he had invaded. As if by magic he became the center of a surging mob. Men came rushing at him with huge fists clenched, women with uplifted mops and pans, children with cudgels and brickbats. Every store and house in the neighborhood poured out a stream of ravenous, incensed human beings.

As the true light dawned upon the mind of Roy, he realized that discretion would be the better part of valor. As a big stone grazed his face, he knitted his arms to his side and bent his head and made a dive down a side street.

Roy described a tortuous course. One by one his pursuers dropped to the rear. Four or five determined men, however, seemed resolved to keep up with him. He had experienced no fear though betraying prudence against superior numbers. Now the zest of athletics directed and encouraged. At length he came to the limits of the district. A deep drainage ditch fully twelve feet across was in his path.

Roy braced mightily. In open admiration his pursuers stood rooted as he cleared the gap, landed on the other side and sank to the ground on the slant beyond to regain his breath.

A scream in feminine accents startled him again to his feet. His quick eyes scanned the expanse about him.

"There's danger," he uttered sharply.

A hundred feet away a team of ponies attached to a phaeton were dashing down the narrow road, the lines entangled in their feet—her phaeton, Miss Mershon and her ponies!